

Maddis Proclamatioun

I lostie betes I did rebetis,
My dorie Lamentatioun:
And now allace, maist caidul care
I mak my Proclamatioun.
Desyring all, baith gey and small,
That harris me be narratioun:
Not for to wyte, my rude Indite:
Sen maid is Intimatioun.

I do Intend, nane to offend,
That feiris God arycht,
Thocht murtherars, a blud sceddars,
Wald haif me out of sycht.
Thair malice vane, I do disme,
And curse thair subrell sycht.
My name is knawin, pair byt is bla-
Abrode baith day and nycht. (wit)

For I a wyfe with semill lyfe,
Dois wryt my meit ilk day,
For small auair, ay selling ca,
The best falloun I may.
Besyde the Throne, I wait one,
My mercat but delay:
Gif men thair walk, I heir thair talk
And beiris it weill away.

In felloun feir, at me tyt speir,
Quhat tythands in this lan
Quhy sit I dum, and dar no sum?
Of tymes thay do demand
To thame agane, I answer me,
Quhair thay besyde me stan
Na thing is est, bot mortaleir,
Wrocht be ane half full hand

A twickit race of grumit grace
Of kedzochis curst clan,
Be tressoun vile, quha dois tyle,
Thame self baith wyfe and an.
As lair is sene, with weipin ene,
Thairfoir I fall thame ban:
Caus our Regent maist Inuent,
That cursit leid ouer ran.

Quhat cruelties thay Gemeis,
Hes wrocht be tymes past,
I lat ouer syde, I may not de,
Sa lair I am agast,
Thair antorous actis, pair felous fac-
Auld bukis quha will ouer ca, (tis,
And men on lue, can zit disme
Thair doings first and last.

Thairfoir my Lords, as be accords
Sen ze ar hapit bidder,
This I will say tuit sport and play
My wordis weill consider.
And pöder pame for your a wyl schame
To mark thame be not liddin:
Lat na mans leid, throw feirfull dreid,
Zour harris mak to swidder.

For I heir say, thay will display
Thair baners on the feild:
Thinkand but dout, to ruit zow out,
Or cause zow seik sum b-
At thame, rycht fane, or d-ane,
That ganzell will thay zeld,
Stand not abak (oh) febill pak,
Bot swordis leir to weild

Defend your richt, in Goddis sicht
Whome of do ze stand a w?
Rycht few I trow, will zow allow,
Gif ze your selfis misknow.
Stand to thairfoir, fyle not the scoir,
Bot all togidder draw,
Not in Cat harrowis, lyke cäkrit mar-
For feir of efter flaw. (rowis)

Do ze not se that mad menez,
How thay ar warin crous?
To wrik zow tene, pai mak ye Quene,
Thair strenth and strang blokhous.
The murther ty, thay do deny,
And countis zow not ane long,
Thair proude pretence thow negligēce
Will be maist dangerous.

To Lythquo toun, thay ar all boun
Quhair thay the murther wrocht,
And thinkis to de, or fortilie,
Thair fellony forzocht.
And trewlie I, can not espy,
Quhat vther thing thay socht,
Bot King put down, a clame the Crown
Be bludy murther bocht.

Ians and muse, how thay ex-
This murther perpetrate, (cuse
Or with quhat grace baldis by pair face
Quhair it is nominate.
Gif (as I trow) thay it allow,
Lpk. Holfis Insatiate:
Quhy can repent, that thay be schent,
With blude comaculate?

Fall to thairfoir I zow Imploir,
My Lords with ane assent,
And think it lang, ay quhill ze fang,
The fetris that did Inuent
This crueltie, be tyrannie,
To fla our rycht Regent,
For thay maist sure, dois still Indure
With hartis Impenitent.

That mā in deid, is worth sit meid
His fault that dois confes,
Bot quhat rewarde suld be preparte,
For him that dois transgres.
And will not graunt, bot rather baunt
In his unhappynes,
Maist sure the gallous, with all his fal
For thair vnthankfulness. (lous,

For gif self lufe, was from abuse,
Deiectit out of heuin,
Quhen Lucifer, wald be ane bar,
To God and think him eum.
Quhat salt we wene of traitours keus,
That Ichandly hes streum-
For to deface the Nobill race,
Of Stewarts od and eum.

Consider weill, thair cäkrit zeill
Hes thurstit mony day,
For to posses but godlynes,
The Crowne withouthin stay.
As now of lair, thair curst confait,
With murther thay display:
Quhe- thay thocht gude, to drink this
Be that vngodly way. (blude

Bot Sathan sure, dois thame ar-
With wordis fals and vane: (lure
By promysing, thame to be king,
Quhair of thay ar full fane.
In Paradise he did Intice,
Be subrell craft and trane,
The man first maid, sa God hes said,
In Sacrede Scripture plane.

He said that he, suld equall be,
To God Omnipotent,
The Appill sweet, gif he wald eit,
Quhair of was maid restraint.
With small defence, he gait credence
Bot did he not repent?
Quhen efterwart, he felt the smart,
And God aganis hun bent.

Sa fall all thay, pat dois pis day
With mischant mynde making,
Aganis the treuth but ony reuth
And Crowning of our king.
And this thay muse for thair behuse,
To place thair awin offspring,
But thay repent, thay will be schent,
And hell at thair ending.

Authoritie gif Just he be,
Quhy do thay this Ill will him?
His graifull gide, throw peuische pride
Allace quhy did thay kill him?
Thair heid supreme in to this Realne
Admit gif thay not will him
Than ze my Lords, cut of with cords
Thame will be troublous till him.

Reuenge this wyang, lat tratour?
Gods Lawis dois sa requyre, (hang
Lat Caleb rik, and Josue seik,
The promysit Imppre.
Thocht murmurars, and murtherars
Wald all your deith conspyre:
In wyldernes with cursitnes,
At lenth thay will all tyre.

That Campion of Babilon,
That bludy beidar by:
With Hytrid heid, ane homyced,
That sailles blude dois sup.
Bar coto his Crowne, or put him down
That he may taist the Cup
Quhair with oft tymes, for sailles cry-
Whennis lyes he Interp. (mes

And se that neuer, ze do disseuer
From first contractit band,
Quhen ze our King of zeiris zing,
Quaid Regular of this land.
Lat not Juiy, cause sum ly by,
Bot all togidder band:
Than God the Lord, misericord,
Will be your sure warrand.

From Carl mercat, quhair as I sat
Thir wordis I did Indyte,
The wyfis amäg, that thocht greit lag
To se my awin hand wyte.
Gif ony be, that will Judge me,
To speik bot in dyspyte,
Bar mend the miscommittit by,
And I na mair sall spe.

J. A. J. Quod Maddie.